

Poetry Series

**KarlRomeo PierreLouis**  
**- poems -**

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# KarlRomeo PierreLouis(July 12)

I write to find peace, to discover, to confess something bigger and sweeter than this lifetime.

Enjoy and Thank you

In memory of you VW



## Ab Initio

I have found Eden in her eyes  
vivid and hemmed around  
utterly out of reach of a glance  
most fair for bliss and blame  
deep and verging as the moaning sea  
its reflections whisper words flung and caught  
Alas, no more for ever  
with pitiless flow, I can follow  
only dwell'n in the dreams of sea-birds  
and sea winds swelling and heaving to and fro  
I stand beneath words with no way to go  
yet still I stand at the sight of her  
breaking and escaping the hindered within  
and still without sound I stare with compliments  
urgent, whistling past her hair  
loitering the air she breaths  
I have found paradise without yearning  
in her presence without shadow  
unyielding.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Absolutions

I knew him when my city burned  
When clouds of smoke and heaven had no difference  
Above the tearing eyes of passerby's  
And there, in the warmth of it  
I remembered April  
And forgot the irony of the other seasons  
Chaos had found me at last

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# All Wood Divided

This gentle distance is suffocating  
No exits because none are wanted  
Just doors, ajar to your embrace  
However short, however light its brush  
It will be a present to my history  
And a past I will never get over  
Instant closure, buried in a someday  
Far from the reach of our explanation  
If ever there was a destination  
Beneath moon and constellation  
We are alone here  
From written to read  
Photograph to painted hand  
Uncompromised to its chasing light  
Fading life into the crowded foreground  
Untreated to the imagination  
Whispered imitation, I say  
Pillar and loss  
Contended and coarse  
This has become the most ungentle of words

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## And Still..

All I have ever done was write you love poems  
falling into the calm of another world  
perhaps all you ever needed was a psalm  
All I have ever done was write you love poems  
a fabricated list of truths that complete my thoughts of you  
unified and complicated with new words and new vows  
laid carefully and faithfully under the stars of my love for you  
when perhaps all you ever needed was a verse  
all I have ever done was write you love poems  
caged in the dreams that awake you in my arms on a new sunshine day  
the real world has no place in the lines that protect my image of you  
and perhaps all you ever needed was a sonnet  
all I have ever done was write you love poems  
wishing for the day that our anniversaries would be memories  
and our pursuit of love indefinite would shine brighter than the sun above  
when perhaps all you ever needed was a tender caress  
but all I have ever done was write you love poems  
that gave promises hand and hand with eternal sunshine  
locking the doors of pain outside the walls of our love making  
touching the delicate of our fragile with unshakable passion  
when perhaps all you ever needed was another man who kept you warm  
from the distance with quiet surrender and teasing wonder  
where his eyes can touch yours without catching sight of its color  
while all the love and recited attentions can be yelled at and screamed  
from across a fading room leaving just the two of you and I apart  
writing another love poem for you....

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# Aspiring

I am your street entertainer  
And here below these street lights  
I bury with the asphalt... Sounds  
Vibrations that birth rhythms inconsistently  
With the thoughts I sing with my stares pass you  
And above you... they float

To the cooling night sky they spread into the winds  
And there as I entertain you  
They will play themselves out as dreams  
Shooting and falling upon hearts lost  
All as I whistle along before you  
Recalling the storytellers of my hopes  
And nightmares alike

I am your street entertainer  
Stealing your time from the corrupt flow  
Of every other and always unexpected  
And as you wait, it circles the district and county  
Raining broken heartedly into the cross glances  
Of you and I

All returning fulfilled and heard...

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I have fallen captive to my ideals  
prisoner of a happy ever after  
yet still I yearn for the freedom of love  
its very imperfections have made me envious  
of its lasting subjection and honor  
I have been guilty of drifting too far into dreams  
a secret lover and companion to imagination  
yet still I ache for the gentle touch of honey dripped lips  
I have had the pleasure of seeing life from the perspective  
of the moon and shooting stars  
a keeper of desires and fantasies I was knighted so  
yet still I reached for her kept warmth in the distance  
I have drifted to sleep on the bosom of heaven's tenderness  
awoken to the birth of new colors and constellations  
yet still I feel whole and complete only in her presence  
I have drawn galaxies and raised suns with a single thought  
carried well wishes and daydreams to the house of forever more  
yet still I would give it all just to take a moment's glimpse of her.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Baptizing Letters

Where I have penned my heart  
Its rhymes and promises  
Its faults and perfections  
Laid across the fragrance of your name  
A harmony of memory and reality  
A secret in the way we see each other  
A whisper we pass to one another  
Where I have hidden myself  
You have found your home and comfort  
Tender and unforgettable  
To the magic hour that have colored us vulnerable  
I bare the fiction we live, and the dreams we cross

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Between Her 6 And 7th

Bless the new moon that cast the shadow  
I fall head first in  
fading faithfully on the metaphorical narcotics  
of once upon a never hot topic  
melodic heat strokes coast inconsistently so  
touching the what's left of my field soul  
Blessings come sweeter  
than the calculated numbers of my falling sky  
capture me so and keep me held tightly  
in her rapture so, victimized by her love below  
and around the exhales of our passion reclined  
defined helplessly and fantastically blown  
out of the proportion of the dream twice deferred  
and left alone to mend itself another home  
Bless me not, fairytales that fade in and out  
like thieves in the night  
i fall head first in  
the crime accused and return enthroned  
in the illusion of my faking oasis  
wasted vows pale the complications of my real  
and not of the oppressive master of the heart and  
NO more pain change and stay  
through another night's game I said it all  
forget the mixing of my vocabulary  
I paid the cost to lose it all once more  
no lost for sure, just delivery of the glass laid  
peacefully across her floor, begging on both knees  
for more and more bless oh new moon  
I wish to fall head first in  
Love please.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Beyond The Jade Of Gray

And its in the selfish redemption I find in her eyes, that I...  
the sort of peace the caresses my fears to sleep  
and as words escape her mind and leaves her lips I can find  
nothing greater than watching her speak to me  
knowing she is unselfish with her affection  
and I am immature with my truths  
and its then in those spaces in conversation  
she fills me with worth and memory of a happily...  
breaking through my clouds of negative energy  
her gentle breeze leaves me clarity and tender seasons  
and as time rolls impatiently so, her smile  
remains a zealous believer in forever  
and its then I find that I have just begun to know her  
this mystery and obvious gift across from me  
chanting theories and possibilities with a whisper of my name  
to check my attention, and I remain distant in my thoughts  
of her, of myself, of disappointments and faithful chances  
and there kneeling at her feet I find my imperfection clearly....

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# Bizarre Cement

With a harsh melancholy  
the stillness spat out a faint bass  
murmur as to fascinate the ears & eyes  
surrounding it, the room teased with a long pause  
Resuscitating the reactions to speak & be heard  
what kept the translation..... was beautiful  
each motion breathed a sequence which birthed  
a trend that spread evenly as colors do in a room  
of mirrors, each pattern became organic and grew  
with taste almost effortlessly, chaotic in shape  
& romantic in reason, the stillness was no more  
for the air salivated in its hungry embrace,  
the walls trembled & fluttered as passion bled  
the canals of daydreams onto the floor,  
below it all, screams & breaths were brief  
with words a frenzy, questions loomed over the room  
& again minutes and hours became discreet  
to the ruin and creation that hung from its hands  
dwell on this harsh, melancholy  
in the quiet madness that lives between the  
strain of your window frame.....

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## Blue Note

Can it be definite, and still in its course be silent  
as a ray of moonlight slicing through tension  
submissive and electrifying to the senses that feed  
the romance appetite of the eyes\_  
unsurprising and deniable this sound speaking  
loudly through the pages left unturned just felt about  
tenderly under the blanket of who said she said  
perfectly undressed and laid across my heart's silk bed  
dividing the wrinkled lines of desire and streetlight  
favored and delighted how so how sweet  
lay the curves of her anatomy selfishly  
seducing time to play favorites with the night hour  
Can it be indefinite, and still cross over to be spectacular  
in measurement and tapestry, this cool afterglow  
touching the gates of renaissance and innocence  
leaving out consequence as an unwanted immigrant  
so to speak so boldly....

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# Blue Shaped Caviar

Hidden, is where and how I kept them  
much like my fears and ambitions  
I shaped them and formed them to fit in the crevices  
of an old memory, solidified and mummified  
beneath the dried tears of should it be &  
the past hopes and dreams of meant to be  
they became to me like the passing night  
a vivid fantasy fading to a new day  
a new desire complicated and debated to that image  
romanced in pages and never told of  
just thought of between the lines of sound and space  
denied and ghosted below the metaphors  
of forever more and Poe's evermore  
I give it only time and truth that I define  
inside the creativity of an empty mind  
and in its distance I find the solace to desire  
and fall again and rise to replenish the shine to my  
midnight stars and early morning shimmers of her  
my eternal sunshine, morning moon, half-asleep lullaby  
Good night moon, will I see you soon  
dear butterfly, I keep you here because  
I need you near and close  
enough and so to let you know you are my only....  
Hidden, is where I keep them and share them  
inside the held hands of lovers  
framed and encrypted in the stare I keep only for her  
and when it becomes real and revealed  
know that then it was fake.....and I just moved it.

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# Blurring Holiday

And he asked for one more sunrise  
along the purple hazed sunset of the day before  
as his counting breath shorten his ideals  
he whispered a confession to the passing clouds above  
like a star gazer he fading his fears to the back of his mind  
romancing a bit of a smile and sweet thought  
to relieve the horrid shortness of wind and tree color  
surrounding his view of the glowing evening sky  
and he asked for one more sunrise  
as a tear escapes him before his shaken exhale  
it is the melody of past lullabies he remembers now  
a medley of voices and laughter he drifts to  
colors of poetry he falls in  
it'll almost be bitter-sweet if he could only see her face  
a memory he searches for but in reality he yearns to touch  
and as the night blankets over him and the stars begin their shine  
he can only ask for a gentle morning sunrise..

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# Broken Glass

Or be a victim of it...he said  
And I disregarded it with her face  
Facing only her scent and color  
Forgetting the fall and sin  
The noise and cautions  
I will be a victim of it  
Without the voice and groan of it  
May the father turn his face from it  
From me ...these seeds will be seen and not heard  
From again, not from these lips  
But from the pages of photographs and secrets  
I held her and then I held her  
Unlike the second yet more addictive than the latter  
These memories have fallen away  
And flew apart in the wind to scatter  
I don't believe in the summer or the after  
It's the winter that has held me fine  
As the months that followed brought me the sadder  
Of the plain and the most sought after  
Or be a victim of it...he said  
I never had a choice...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Brooding Generosity

Its clear today in the splitting silence  
that I'll bury another dream\_  
within the warmth of an extraordinary outcry  
pressed against the weapon and its integrity  
it is unthinkable on my part to have belief\_  
for what is the hope of a non-believer  
in the darkness the number of stars have faded  
beneath the authority of earth & heaven  
just as a lamp falling from that heaven, a woe  
fell on my heart in a series of blasts from a trumpet,  
'a trumpet' he said and I heard from mid-heaven  
a thousand and two- hundred stones  
being hurled out to sea, to cause an overflow  
onto the coming & going, ' no loss indeed'  
he said and I without delay compelled my lips  
and agreed, its clear today  
in the splitting certainty that I'll bury another dream\_  
And now further into the hour my complaints  
have converted faithfully into compliance  
beheaded and spoken for, a sigh came  
unaccompanied and a sanctuary laid desolated  
and left behind a-time and a season\_  
and I raised my eyes against the refuge of my tears  
against the majestic beast of the abyss  
and I kissed the sun coldly so to disturb him from  
burning another buried dream...

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# By Her Name

I call her my Charlie parker  
Whisperer to the birth of new stars  
Of melancholy and inspired spirit  
Lost behind the gray side of perfection  
I call her my Col "trane"  
My Billie Holiday of sensual distraction  
Of prolific and beauty sung  
Gathered up and exhaled beneath the exception  
I call her my Miles Davis  
Glowing true and wondrous as a mornings dew  
Leaving me speechless and challenged  
And so I call her .....Promise  
Of sinew and clover  
Covered tenderly with faith and passion  
Written incredibly so  
I call her my jazz and rhythm  
Without descriptions but complimented  
Politely nicknamed "Chukwuemeka"  
Because God exists within her warmth  
And for it all....I call her

By her name

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Can'T Be

she caressed her lips to his face  
and in her language said goodbye  
to him, as he stood...

I have chased windmills and ridden on the trails  
of shooting stars all within the lifetime of holding her close  
simply by her name I called her but in it I said so much more  
I whispered promises from my heart as she walked from me  
but in her pause I knew she heard me reach for her  
I drew down to my knees only to feel my heart drown  
and in the wake of my insanity I could only felt her voice  
touching my collarbone...hello  
as I gathered my strengths I ran to grab her back into my arms  
and she could only turn and stare at me in tears  
and with that I kissed her into my very soul  
and we stood joined and unfaithful to circumstance  
and she...for that memories sake became part of me  
and I hers to keep as I touched her face goodbye..

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# Chosen And Regretted

I'm weary of the nighttime chords and melodies  
only the yearning rain makes the peace of memories sleep  
here in this dramatic setting of love and pain  
and so I fell and flew in harmony with the clouds around me  
the stars danced for me, becoming strangers to the skies they lit  
and as the old-fashioned tear fell from my face, I knew then

I'm weary now in this cold shell i feel as skin  
laying helplessly on lies and theories spoken softly in a crowd  
here in the melodic overture of time and marriage  
childhood and conscious birth and so i held and i knew then  
that the reflections were only fading finger paintings of faith and denial  
and as morning skipped over the years I stayed awake to see the evening  
just so to touch her hair and whisper never again

I'm weary again for the tenth time now tonight  
not remembered not taken not forgotten not any more  
I'm drifting once more over the black sea and singing unforgettable  
precious i wrote on the midnight delivery to the moon and heaven  
and i knew then as I knew now, the delusional and romantic all has kept me  
and with the illness of my mind, my heart has gone away on lullabies....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Confusing Platform

Place her lace across my name  
to free my face to speak her fame  
with creative claim of the above plane  
and the never simple compliment that declares  
too much but never the same  
romance spoken no less than  
twice a day between her morning prayer and my  
tender caresses laid helplessly  
and erotically beneath the apron  
of no shame thriller and midday heater  
tease he, and leave me her body  
so I can take off with her mind  
across the gastro-never the time  
fine line of never again will it be  
mine to place along the curve less  
sign of will always seek the better and sweeter  
for the worth of our lives  
be unkind and wrap my stars within your cleavage  
of dear tomorrow you have forsaken me  
to midsummer night dream  
whisper to me the lace  
so I may climb into the outer and grasp her grace  
before the worst finds its worst..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Crossing Black, Blue And Gray

Here, in the absence of thunder & lightning  
the girth of his steps have fallen\_  
a silenced memorandum of his once before &  
once upon\_  
Carried & betrayed his voice grew  
quieter in its method's\_  
the absolute of his tone fell victim to a mute  
persuasion, an obsessive age triumphed over  
the typical man he inconsistently avoided\_  
Leaning dramatically to a fad of growth & prayer  
Here, he is issued an iron hand  
with a cold back to hurt the sorrow  
of his yesterday's  
Master's of the abandoned  
Slaves of the forgotten, he recalls  
Cursing, pleading, he remembers  
the late hour of September  
Here, he seizes the second lines  
of his closure, for the beginning has  
leisurely become his ending....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Dream Responsibly

the day after was just as the day before  
missing only the horizon and its warmth  
gone long before time kept its truth  
the day after was the beginning without the fanfare  
unclear and unsettling to the new births  
virgin eyes and ears of the following day  
and in its veneer the future laid tarnished  
written on with the fallen and the meek  
how low has the darkness come to be  
at the high of noon on a bitter-sweet day  
the after was spoken to the heavily deaf and distant  
as a remedy and cure to the machiavellian romancers  
superficial characters lacking color and breath  
the day after slowed down the heart beat of the hours  
and the walls from all corners felt its seasons fade  
missing only the burn marks of the barely heard  
never remembered below the arms and touch  
of before its day.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Experimental Applause

In Reversal, Tangled lines reign free  
waiting impatiently and soundlessly  
for the thief of frighten dreams  
Recall the bone sweet color of  
the yesteryear tears laced in fire  
of bitterest pain forgiven in the grasp  
of morning dew  
I gave into spring fresh delivery  
beauty cradled on her star washed face  
mountains of religious essence  
etched carefully in the crevices  
of yellow sand and backbone kisses  
coded loudly with carbon smiles  
whose blind curse cut the chill of a cooing  
night, without glad ears lucid colors fall deaf  
and fade along the legs of filled veins  
of brown & rust the jeweled serpents  
have drawn waxy leaves on my nightmare walls  
of yesterday  
in threads and beads the shattering rainbow  
shamed many meanings into yellow yellow  
& blue blue gone in a sky of lilac clouds  
I have longed to take message from a good night

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Expression

In its simple setting, this moment  
can be just another passing hour  
but its not, rather its another hour together  
this can be our anniversary, our first time  
our perfect moment, maybe so much more

In its simple setting, this song could  
be more than just another song  
rather it can be our song, our anthem  
or a good reason just to hold one another

In its simple setting, these things  
being said can just be an illustration  
or perhaps more if I were to just make  
it a whisper or a promise, or a tender compliment  
maybe a proposal for more

In its simple setting, opportunity can be  
just about anything you can make of it  
as for now its a moment with a couple of words  
showing you just how I feel...

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# Faithful By Destiny

from before there were fairytales and midnight lullabies  
when beautiful dawns whispered their entrance  
to morning hour beneath the bravery of the sun's  
romance to yesterday 's pleasures

....

since before the birth of poets emerging from womb  
of dreamers and forgotten lovers  
under the constellation of warriors and pebble tossed wishes

...

Since the early moment of the first day and creation  
your name was set next to mine  
in between the spaces of paradise found and lost

....

Since the first perfect definition and sparkling flame  
cradled softly through the hand drawings of forever and legacy  
standing infinitely and faithfully to the fetal resign  
to jump head first and open armed

....

{You have always been the one for me}

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# Far Too Sudden

I lost her on sycamore grove  
Where I loved her to myself  
Without hesitation or perfection  
Selflessly and imperfectly yearning  
For the day when she'd return  
Without the color she'd left with

Here, in this intersection, this crossing  
I kiss in the wind and hope impatiently  
To set eyes on her...without, within  
The walls of madness, sadness it is without  
The scent of her walking past  
The curve of her cheeks fading for a smile

Palm to Palm, Lips to hands  
I fall only along the streets  
Where faded quick steps once danced  
Without the folly of song or date  
I stand helplessly for chance or fate

I loved her on sycamore grove  
Where I lost myself to her  
Without meditation or touch  
Faithfully and perfectly giving  
For the day, night and hour not to change  
Without the warmth of a kiss to part with..

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# Fatigued Leaps

In this echoing night alone and crowded,  
falling into feelings I had long forgotten  
behind the pine tree and murky lake of ten summers ago  
gracious and ungrateful images painted a shadow  
of an enemy disguised in the smile and gentleness of a friend  
and there in midst of the hug given tenderly  
behind the sound of a Philly blues record, I felt it.....  
the sharp and questionable pain coming from my back and past....  
something or another was whispered but my thoughts said it all  
my friend, this enemy revealed had taken a stab at me  
bluntly and faithfully, stubborn in its release and unforgiving  
with its action, I fell into feelings of her, him, and them  
feeding grapes to dreams under a spring morning..... laughing  
with a romantic novel wrapped in the skin and eyes of my true love  
more than me and so much more than the moment  
I confessed things for that minute and gave with it my lifetime  
with a tear or two for company, searching for reason and redemption  
in the background but finding only distant pictures on a wall I was softly  
forgetting,  
I came to breath on my knees then my hands followed to hold my weight  
below my internal cries and external pride, I took breaths in ways  
that I had practiced as a boy finding amazement with god and sun  
here, in this echoing night I fled into the morning after and day before  
falling into the reality of good night moon and starlight star bright  
its intoxicating and alluring to my mind and fears  
these images and bizarre footprints of being human  
and in shine of vodka and darkening fatigue I came to only bid and fade  
a genuine kiss.....

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# Favorite Insult

The come with it motion  
let it free the frilly devotion  
of the lost and demoted wanderers  
unconscious speaker of word and planet  
painted strangely across her face  
painfully torn between the clock and space  
the internal battle of lost sleep and frantic speech  
honesty hid its face from me  
as I spoke in her dreams unearthly colored  
and shaken out into reality  
left to dry out and cast a better verse  
to block the curse of her and I  
never again deny human tales  
and a lie is a lie even when spoken on the  
deaf ears of the hopeless  
cloak this beneath your sorrows of the pointless  
I lay helpless in her undercarriage  
of joke and myth  
soak and spill along the aftermath  
of wish you not, play not feverishly  
and impatiently with her k dot I dot d dot dare not  
show not compassion if so weak of mind and heart  
leave the game of spades for the heartless to play  
beside the motion that frees  
the addictive potion of let it soar  
past she and me and he told I  
no truth just sonnets read with the charm  
of the uncouth, melodramatic, weak, battered bosom  
of that woman I do love so  
religiously...

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# Floating Phenomena

Jasmine has taken the senses  
Below the living star and sun  
Where I have myself and no one  
There, as they gather these petals and dreams  
Come together then scatter  
I find darkness and color birthing  
Sounds and souls alike  
Breathless and born, they reach  
And there, just above the mornings dew  
Just above the devil's due  
Jasmine and hyacinths take form  
And those once dreams fall to nightmares  
As they surround and devour  
Those awake and helpless to perfection lost  
As I stand beneath the sight of wind and caution  
Wishing them good nights and farewells  
Good night and fare.... well

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# Fool Enough

I, with humble and forgotten beginnings  
Write of the moments that have come and gone  
Beneath the moments sunrise  
And hour's disappearance of the nights moonlight  
And there where the dew never dries  
Is where my heart lies  
Peacefully asking for those humble beginnings again  
Without the middle or the fall of the leaves  
Just the melody of joy and warmth  
Where my madness cannot follow  
Where my regret and pain can find no comfort  
I there, with humble beginnings ask only these things  
Within the dark corners of love and betrayal  
Write only the journey I cannot dream...

Fool Enough

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# For Self And Country

Consider who I am  
of all imperfections that a man can owe  
match it and grant its blame to me  
summon now what you may and forgive  
more than you're willing to remember  
till the painful weariness becomes amicable  
flourishing better and fuller than yesterday

Consider the day and hour  
of its virtue and potential to birth daydreams  
below and above the soil of dreamers and wanderers  
whose arts and talents fit gloriously hand in hand  
within the limits of mirth and tales  
delivering goals and fears faithfully by the seconds  
never spending taunts or promises without permission

Consider its condition  
younger still with aged ears and eyes  
filled hopelessly with memories of ever after  
with honor and fair desire warming its color  
with only your thoughts to guide its affection  
these are compliments hugged in the pockets men & mice  
kept to betray the actions of hate and love

Consider the experience  
swallowed with a note and tune to clear the sky above  
making humors and tremors of the heart rejoice  
of all perjured and refused whom mortal touches fade  
in the repairing frame of its embrace and by heaven still  
never falling, never apart, never ending

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# Gideon's Calling

And they were pillaging the threshing floors/  
Raising the mischief that had laid forgotten beneath

The winter surrender of an old season/  
All awake now, summoned & short out of reason

Warring the past and stricken into the present/  
Fabricating a raid below the early morning dew

Into the spring, into the hasten step, into a harmony disrupted/  
Hurried I say, the beats and carried thoughts,

Chasing the wilderness into a strike, a force, a deceiving thrust/  
Honored by the brush of each stir & lift

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# Golden Apples

Maybe we can go too far and touch the stars  
and maybe if we do so with our eyes closed we can fly past them  
and form our own constellations  
and maybe with our arms tied around one another  
we can keep up with the shooting stars and  
shine just as bright  
causing others to make wishes when we kiss  
when we miss the opportunity to steal one more touch  
one more hug, one more teasing wink from the distance  
and maybe if we fall we can rise twice as high and create  
a world with little gravity and twice as many moons  
and in our passions and lusts we can take it slow  
for the memories take note and remember later that we're forever  
and maybe in that slight caress of happiness  
we can be just what we were meant to be...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Golden Crazy Circumstance

The day is far too spent  
Below the apricot fading sunset  
Rebelling against the night air  
Invading the space of our day's color  
Our hour's calming melody  
Time has come and left its mark kept  
Between the lines of these comparisons  
My breath is left and buried with a balance  
Spread and displayed for words to perform  
The circumstance of my imperfection  
My inconstant deflection of the unsaid  
And now the joy of my greatness is spent  
Below the pearl rise of this night's moon  
The mass exodus of my heart has gone unnoticed  
And there beneath the sounds of silent cries  
It flourishes within the arms of Zion..

Golden crazy circumstance

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Hill Of Potatoes

I took my home on that hill  
Under those fading faithful clouds  
Forgetting the white snow of December  
As all else below rang with the memories  
Of yellow spots and blue signatures  
Shining on the back of my mind  
Along with the songs written and cried  
I found my home on this hill  
This enormous place of solitude and sacrifice  
Dried and rock infested...  
Colored only by my laid warmth and breath  
Tired is how I felt  
Laying there in my newfound home  
Positively forgiving the wind and debris passing  
I wept into a whole new chapter  
Placing my mark and love on my castle  
My last place and stand.... here...  
On this pitiful hill

Hill of potatoes

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# However Celestial

From one pale season to another  
of daylight and cruel night falls  
imprisoned in the hold of legends and myths  
waking despair and laying peacefully anguish sounds  
of the mountain airs and summer breezes  
once again, you capture me  
each glance, each breath- whispers triumph  
whilst conquering deeply my devotion

winter rains and spring fades while our time succeeds  
between the devils and angels we take shade in  
and for the last time, endowed and embraced  
by each passing cloud I risk it all for you  
bridled dream of mine - to find you here  
you fare that moment, as all else loses its color

and in the peak of summer blossoms  
beyond the beating hearts and youthful phantoms  
these innocent vows, these simple touches  
forgives the insanity that lie deep within my forest  
my waters, my streams, it calms my gossiping critters  
the smells of you, and for the tiniest moment  
life seems to leave the room to you and I

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Human Pattern

And it was the reflection  
That kept me between the hours  
Of fading night and new day  
And it was my imperfection  
That I had loved and lost  
Along the better years of dreams  
And in the silence of his stare I see  
A past and future I fear and avoid  
Within the arms of foolish daydreams  
Chased and rhymed about  
And it is then I fall into my tears  
And succumb to who I'm not  
And it came to be a dawn  
And a wasted night awake  
Broken into pieces of song and melody  
And it was the reflection.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# In First Tongue

I must apologize for the appearance of my thoughts  
The language in which they felt are translated loosely  
Through the lines and spaces of each letter joined  
Quickly and rapidly they came, wondered and left  
Leaving only the stigma to be written  
An obsession to be colored and repeated  
Without the boundaries or corners of a finished sheet  
They scratch and pull at my minds wall  
Ripping exits between my eyes and fingertips  
Shading nightmares into fading good dreams  
Shaping screams into chorused sonatas  
Quickly and fiercely they bleed through and course thoroughly  
Bold and stunted  
There, then, here whispering still  
Their independence taken and spoken  
Sometimes in spite of me  
Being...  
The language I once fought to hear  
I left forgotten loosely on these pages...

In First Tongue

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Incomplete Abortion

Find me surrendered under the comforting  
shade of tears & rain  
and there sit beside me and share  
in the silence and dream  
And there in the presence of promises  
you'll find me as a whisper  
dancing in a whirlwind of cries....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Jerusalem Sparrow

Crash into me  
You autumn and winter follies  
Leave behind your eyes and share your memories  
Those dripped in fear  
Colorblind and speechless  
Cover over me the kiss of the night before  
With its warmth and trust  
Till the who and last names disappear  
Behind the waist side of the morning sunrise  
Colorblind and restless  
Bragging of the fading verse and chased laughter  
Crash into me  
Leave me with no shelter to seek  
And bleed onto me your promise  
Erase from my darkened eyes their curse  
And give me, Zion and breathlessness  
Below the spring tree of past sonnets  
Shade me beautifully with your perfume  
And let me rehearse my vows to you  
Of never more and always after  
Unforgettable and forever yours  
And I find it hard to say eternity without your name  
Closely held beside its glorious wonder  
Yes, crash into me....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Judas Appetites

the sound of rain drops stops in me  
and the fancy of a cool night surrounds itself at my feet  
as the fingers of tomorrow escapes further with the fading sun  
that sings its own melody of we will always be  
however harsh the windless summer kisses me  
Drawn in and left warm by the rolling thunder of away storms  
I sit only to bare who I used to be with you  
Far off in an avalanche of London soul and European toil  
the bell of the Times Square reminds me that I won't make it through  
\_\_\_\_And in the brilliant moon lit midnights  
held high by the faceless clouds whispering by  
along the bleak dark miles of I felt her cry  
and alone I stand, frame by frame ever touched  
ever lost to her touch, glittering past my tearing eyes  
your substitute infects me says everything else that remembers you  
softly recollected and narrowly caressed  
locked in this wicked embrace of bullying voices  
gifts and mirrors only hold true my furthest fears constant  
at your feet awoken and strange to the adult silence  
foolish and inarticulate to my hearts promise of six lifetimes  
their words turn vain and forgotten beneath the lines missing you

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Just Needed To Be Said

Her face was made for a smile  
a constant compliment to adore  
if there was a line or verse her essence was its reason  
and definition, she is the beauty below the horizon  
the dream before the reality that grants kisses in the morning  
and if I can name her differently I wouldn't just so to  
keep what I found to be as it was, perfect.  
she is, in every fashion and adjective.  
she clarifies my muffled heart and solidifies my  
weary worries to happy memories  
what I love is what she can be and what she is  
on a every holiday everyday sense  
she magnifies what has already been amplified  
and within it all she keeps the simplicity and grace  
the makes her so lovable....and for that beginning  
and so much more to end with and put in between  
I love her.

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Keepsake Passage

'Together under the nestle of a good ear  
the wind ceased & returned  
to carry the sound of thunder & dew  
So the above drowned in the quenched  
delight of mountain air and heart  
And together the sleepers leaped  
past the coordinates of heavens gate  
and fell as angle-inspired rain  
on the brooks and sinews of Summer  
and Fall, among the rich pines, they laid  
together in the corner of fights & festivals  
with no spark to light the fire in the gloom  
And together far from the horizon  
& shore incision, bright and obscure  
Along with the sea-level crown of sunshine  
Till the star vanished and echoed  
they resounded with the earliest smoke  
along the hazel sands of the beach carpet  
Together walking undiminished, undeceiving  
singing an unreported romance  
within the never of December...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Kerosine Kissed

gather your saints and find me faintly sinned  
touched and wickedly grinned  
I fell from her and into my diagnosis dementia  
I miss her, my amphetamine, my passion  
its all lost to me, my great escape have found  
its solace in the arms of her religion  
and all else has grown accused and accursed  
of loving unfairly and too deeply  
and within the warmth of allegations she called for me  
to testify on the electricity she provided above the waist  
and below the eyes of those who knew her face  
with slow haste I caressed her taste from the distance  
with a Judas kiss blown across a room of unfamiliar  
dream chasers, truth philosophers, blood givers  
I gave her up to the lord of war  
and she lost her love with my back turned  
and my face cold with every tear uncured missing her  
so I ran back into who I used to be  
gathering faithfully her demons from me  
I wrote of configurations beneath the gospels of identity  
shamed and listed across the constellations of man's hand  
and grazing reality tenderly I ask for redemption.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Kissing In Exile

Should we be as ships that pass in the night  
simple reflections of the eastern sea moonlight

\*

Absorbing the air that pleases our passion  
should we be so alive / to touch eternity in passing  
flying into the stars that bless our gentle caress

\*

Time has taken notice of our dance  
leaving little comfort for the words that complement  
leaving our eyes to whisper promises from the distance  
another chance perhaps, another lifetime

\*

May you be my evening breeze / cooling the bruises of my soul  
and in return / would we be so ordinary to fall in love

\*□

Should we decorate the walls of our memories with a shade of bliss  
That the skies would envy the world we've created below  
And above the coordinates of our passing existence....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Laborious Days

There is no bravery here  
Just hollow memories lay plain  
Laid bare for all to see  
No glare or fanfare, just pain  
There is no bravery here  
Behind these eyes, behind these sighs  
Just the care-coiled touches of strangers  
Buried helplessly beside the sadness  
There is no bravery here  
Written or dreamed about  
Not stories or fairytales, just farewells  
Covered well with seasoned roses  
And faded preachers  
There is no bravery here  
To holler or scream aloud  
Just the breeze of fallen leaves and such  
Not much, but the crossing sounds of the lost  
Daylight and nightfall  
There is no bravery here  
Beyond the remembered  
Below the sunset  
Beneath the clutter

Laborious days

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Labor's Nonsense

Capture me and forget me behind the lines  
the binds of inequality of colored times  
its unlike the day and lady of turpentine  
its political and hateful to the virgin eyes  
unclothing and uncouth as lies are said with a smile  
a dial tone behind the other end of the phone  
can you color me home and then tell me  
more and more and share prejudice with me like poem  
leave me to my dreams and give to the wolves  
of fantasy and tribunal reality  
Can't you see the inability to comfort me  
I am gone and tossed to the wind of ineffective sound  
and bound to my limited mind of unaffectionate touches  
of morning after beatings and lectures of a child not looked after  
free me from my heart of ponderous care frees  
let it be without me a life well lived and drawn in  
with a grandmothers needle and thread and left for dead  
in the closet of most unkind memories spoke of in the dim of night  
tempt me to fly away with legends and failures  
so I may know my limits and become a dream martyr  
a spoken word whispered to a congressman found guilty  
of open-minded views and a background of smoking Langston Hughes  
with a scripture or two maybe three if you let me be  
forgotten and written about through my third child  
Capture me I said on his bed as he drew me and sister held me  
my children hang me on the walls of your mind and tell my story  
without mentioning me, remember me...  
\_Guilty and perfect in my mothers imperfection left as a mole  
on my temple and a beauty mark on my nose  
I love you so my thoughts my words my sounds my birds  
fly from here and enter my mind of lavender fences  
forgive my offences and believe me pure like your mothers caress  
and do still, please try to, if maybe, if possibly  
Capture me....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Long Thin Sigh

It had once been colorful, in the superstitious  
repression of my heart, Stopping its shape for a moment  
as though to sort feelings,  
but there in some ironic sarcasm, its tragedy  
fell onto my pages as some explicit language

It had once been filled, in the taboo confines  
of my tired imagination, till it fled out into the wind  
like a crowd onto the last ship to freedom,  
leaving only a handful of regrets for me to remember it by...  
the motion moved the thicker shadows aside  
and there in the suspense and suspended focus..... touched me

It had once been nurtured, patiently  
and tenderly in the blossoms of newborn lilacs,  
before and before it all, the abrupt tremors of reality  
sinking every corner of its valued mind & construct  
I was lost to its combination and evolution  
bearing in mind the echo of its portrait  
and infatuation

It had once been mine, laying beside  
me on a February morning, how tranquil  
the sun light was in its embrace and in the  
conventional marriage of dreams & touch  
the rare agents had forgotten you & I and  
caught in the deluge, we were heavily tangled & free...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Lunacy Ready

There's a freedom to madness  
a sort of romance that lingers between the ranting  
a breach between the senses that unhinges the soul  
bound by a sea of tears and foolish dreams  
being of here and now but not at all there  
falling further and sweeter into the temperance  
into the reverence of the passing twilight  
finding bliss within the mocking of self and perfection  
sighing with vitality the ignorance of innocence blurred  
and purged beneath the waves of sanity misplaced and found  
unlaced with glorious fantasy

There's an overtaking of breath and imagination  
that compliments the ill and fortifies the fanatic  
that cools the verse of the tongue  
only to free the language of whispers  
and silence well spoken for and written about  
Madness has taken the night as captive  
and I its willing witness to declare forgiveness  
along the transgressions of the fleeting and eccentric  
And well into its deliverance, well into its exodus  
tarred and feathered tenderly below the warmth  
of one's asylum, there in lies peacefully the majestic  
of my mind.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Making Up For Time

..... time has been good to bless our acquaintance  
and cruel for our distance, I can only forgive and forget  
the words so I can remember the colors, the air, and the clarity  
that is you, I have fallen into your canvas and become part of the gloss  
and beauty that compliments you and I have only been your audience and  
admirer  
and from that view I have fallen in love with you  
you have rekindled my romance for breathing on a spring morning  
savoring the very warmth of our touch  
I would happily leave a lifetime of knowledge and wealth just to have  
a few memories of being with you, and within it all  
I would find the addiction for memory loss just so to learn about you all over  
again  
this I would do, I love you in every language, shape, size and belief  
and these words I write to today know that they would change tomorrow  
so to express how much more I have fallen for you, but for now  
hear these words as the echo through these spaces and promises  
I need you as I need the glow of the night sky to remind me how grateful i am  
to be alive.....this isn't what the heart can make of it, this is real....with every  
fragrance  
sound that can caress my affections to your heart...

I love you

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Mea Culpa

From the sideways I fall from the outrage  
upside down facing the carnage of leaving  
the nameless diamonds that memories bury  
around the demands of electrifying atmospheres  
blazing the easy thoughts at 107 degrees  
below the current of my currents  
with time waiting patiently with her picture away

Far aside from the tells shown and told  
whisper filled and colorblind  
to the color filled barrage of seamless lyrics  
carried gloriously within the undercarriage of a distant stare  
Distant pair, we remain, unannounced  
Proud still facing at full length destiny captured  
only rapture below the stifled laughter...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Mending Yesterday

Just down from the street's horizon  
I'll wait for however long  
and just as the sun rises to light  
the pavement that my fears sit along  
I'll wait for however long  
during the monsoon melodies of late & noon  
as Monday turn to evening Sunday  
below the L.A moon and Jersey stars  
I'll wait for however long  
making it through the second dawn and third mid-night  
I'll wait, till the memory of waiting will  
sit with me and wait for however long....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Morning Uprising

in the charismatic romance of mindless violence  
she etched my face on the walls of chaos  
and named me lost and my last name was never found  
just a note of lyrics and a confession in shape of still clouds  
and motionless waves crashing against the memories  
I can barely recall without a sharp pain awakening  
my fears of being abandoned without dreams  
and in her caress she tattooed her warmth onto my heart  
and whispered to my fondest sensitivities my image  
and heritage, colorless and infinite....  
and in the faithful touch of a empty room  
I found my identity with her perfume guiding me through  
bedtime stories repeated to myself as tears explain the struggles  
I fought with over time and for more time I asked for  
as all else seems leave me behind to play catch up  
and for it all I can only hate and love my pride for cheating on me  
with the have and the have not's I critique with a cocked eye  
and shrug of never gain's and it will never happen for me  
but in the best of moments I can only feel guilty...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Murky Bar Wine

He kissed her through the glass of his living room window  
he saw her and missed her all together  
others glanced and searched and was left apart  
He reached and brushed her hair tenderly through the looking glass  
of his living room window, others wondered and searched and was left lost  
He called her name and only a whisper escaped  
cried her tears but only his legs gave way, all in the living room floor  
he rocked back and forth, again and again leaving breath and life  
and kissing her lips during the best lit night, all in his living room floor  
they came and called for him, he stared and laughed  
they tried but failed, searched and pleaded and was left unannounced  
He was what he became, a ghost to his own reflection  
a memory to the windows deception, all in the living room floor  
He fell as he once did before, for her, for it all  
He kissed her through the looking glass and she forgave him and left it all  
He saw her and missed her all together  
without a name, without a melody, they searched and found his eyes  
gazing into it all, they were left to take the fall...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Muttering Of He

it a gentle spell I'm in  
this infinite kiss stolen and whispered  
between the lines I bare and reveal  
undefined and unclaimed  
take your pity or take your notes  
however you like it I lay it  
like you buy it, wrapped and marketed to touch  
and move your mind and soul to change and step up  
your game however more or less  
its a rhythmic demand and exchange of ability  
Agility in the form verse and talent  
unlaced and aired out due to popular demand  
I break, when you take time to think  
can it happen again? yeah I've just started  
jacketed and locked in my stare  
I see past you and leave all else to bless you  
unwashed and focused my hand remain close to its  
mistress pen and kept steady, I give you chemistry  
and romance below the rigid mathematics of lines  
and ballads, unmatched but constantly tested  
reckless and uncalled for, my aim is for your head  
forget your heart its useless on my wall  
keep your style and donate it to the jingle industry  
I care not for child's play when my word has its day  
its a holiday, spread the truth and prepare your boots  
I'm here as an excuse for your escape  
leave here with whatever is left of your so-called  
and forgotten flow, hey whatcha ya know  
I'm here to let you go, you're fired  
and blown apart, dismantled really  
I've got a cold heart, unlike them I don't like you  
touch me its done and through, I'm guilty and convicted  
your life shaken and verbally declared dead  
says I your coroner and annihilator , the time 9: 19  
relaxed and enjoying your lady's cooking as you take  
a dirt nap in my trunk, wasted and undone....  
can you believe it.....it happened again....



# Not As Yesterday

And from the awful longing  
I finally found regret to be the warmest companion  
Compared to the fleeting daydreams  
Of adolescence and misleading peace  
Told and released through bedtime stories  
And forgotten beneath the romantic noise  
Of pretend poets and wind dried lotus seeds  
Planted and watered faithfully  
In burrowed pots and cups  
There, in the forgiveness of the hour  
As strengths and colors begin to fade  
A sudden memory creeps slowly in the background  
Sparkling faintly a warmth that cools the breath  
Trembling to escape every pore  
I love you no more...

Not as Yesterday

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## O.C.D

I've given myself into love many times now  
or perhaps the sweet scent of it  
I dare not question it further  
Unaccounted for / my dreams have  
drawn out love to the best of its perfection  
/ leaving selfishly for my reality to translate it /  
romantically /  
A language that I have just begun to sound out/  
let alone express intimately  
Yet / its her image I'm most obsessed with /  
seeing the sunlight compliment and change shape  
to her silhouette and tone  
feeling her voice ring through me with a kind gesture/  
I have come to yearn for what  
my dreams gotten / a glimpse/ a moment/ & perhaps  
a time that I would trade impatiently/  
forever to..../  
how foolish it is to have become the man/  
I hardly recognize without liquored sigh and pen/  
the distance that have grown..../  
has left my eyes with no compass/  
I have given myself into love many times now or  
perhaps the divine thought of it...../

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## On 6th And Lennox

Amid the stars and shore of yesterday  
in the invasion of the nightingale's  
song and tormented color  
I stand along the edge of a passing day  
freeing my fingertips deep within the wind  
how fleeting! these moments have become  
all gasping and pleading for time and faith  
in the parting hours of night and day  
here is where I love you  
where the constellations meet the end of time  
and the dreams of lovers wrestle the daydreams  
of children for a purpose  
far away and apart from the definitions and limitations  
of man and myth  
where the sea and clouds steal kisses under the moonlight  
here is where I love you  
in the distant glow of the heavens  
forgotten and whispered about in the trails of comets  
this, in the sometimes hours of forever  
locked in the eyes and touches of slow twilights  
here is where I love you  
where destinations have no arrivals just destined departures  
on the blue sails of drifting haikus and stanzas  
held in the early morn of natural rain and seasons  
all of different kind, all of the complexion happy memories  
here is where I love you.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Original Poem

I had a relationship once  
Once when the tenants and thoughts were the same  
When the colors of the room became its seasons  
And its devotions were depleted with time  
I loved her  
I had a memory once  
Twisted and painted below the quotes of madmen  
Remembered with the perfumes of nevermore and yesterday  
And its sound was my paradise  
I never loved her  
I had a promise once  
Heard only through her eyes and my hands  
When again and no more sounded the same  
And the morning dew captured her name  
I learned to love her  
I had a melody once  
Chained and recited breathlessly to me  
With all forms light and no echo  
And its revenge was lost to me  
I wanted to love her...

Original Poem

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Ornamental Dealings

Not in strife do I feed you my love  
Do this too, because of yesterday and  
I will pledge my memory to you  
Not in truth do I set these desires free  
Loiter vengefully on these dreams  
so to awake my underserved kindness  
I have made your face my excuse to daydream  
till sin is discovered in the way that I know you  
I request perhaps alongside you, a promise broken  
so I may know your mortality  
with a restful fragrance beneath the easterly winds  
to scorch the forest ablaze with your name  
whispered below a flight of birds  
and a word, an embrace, to entreat  
the compassion of my fears  
and it must be rendered gracefully  
from the dreadfulness of my imperfection  
I well know the presumptuous ones who tread  
on my soften lips and I concern myself  
with only your love  
to keep the hue on my heart and weeping strength,  
so it is not in blindness do i launch  
my faith onto your deaf window pane love  
do this too, and the innermost room of voiced  
melodies to keep you...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Outlandish Curiosity

Its as though you never saw me  
here, sitting in the hall of mirrors  
in this house of memories,  
and so the sounds of the wooden floor  
have sang to me, so unjustly, so playfully  
that your name have fallen with a tear  
and a shrug, I said timidly  
it changes, the colors of the wall  
from bright to dim, from soft to harsh  
and the ridicule of the night air have made  
my dreams lose hope, and its as though  
there was no before and we were no more  
in these brown and blue corridors  
I hear no voice and yet i feel its choice  
its force, unlike the delicate and frighten  
an eerie romance of it came to touch me  
and I remained....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Paths Of Sometime

Follow the word to the mother land of Abraham  
Shun the west and embrace the air  
Of your motherland, none other then  
The lilacs and daffodils of our song  
The soul of the resigned and forgotten letters  
Of her and she held tightly in the memory of he and I  
The subjected listeners of verse and fermented passion  
We and I have not forgotten the yester  
Of day and hour, wars and sours  
Sorrows and burning  
Life and yearning  
I reach and she kept me  
There, between her divine and sublime  
And we connected from the distance of birth and marriage  
Melodies from Paris and dreams of our ivory coast  
Bless your thoughts with only the silence  
Of our lost and lost and .....

Keep it there, hidden from him and her and us  
There and only there have then we returned  
To the bridge we crossed when we first met  
Where we first let circumstance and time  
Make its distance our definition  
And not the gift of our crossing existence  
Follow the tone and enlighten the thought you and I  
Together for some time between this one and the next thousand  
That follows with no miracle but spiritual guidance  
Laid with perfect defiance of let love fly behind us  
I need you to line us with the constellations inside the both  
And trust...in the verticals that we can land from the place of Abraham  
Of milk and silk, passion, laughter, no tears and then honey  
Maybe we can say with no yearning or burning  
That we did it our way....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Peculiar Native

Alarmed by persuasion his mind  
left his country to live a-foreign, time failed him  
scorned him with age & sin, his statute of live & love  
treated him rudely  
With free born sexual intimacy  
his passions shamed him inhumanly  
An indentured servant he came to be  
with royal memories bleeding him  
Seduced & chained...Detestable things grew on him  
Favored hobbies - Tempered colleagues  
A colorful day usually ended bittersweet beneath his  
mulatto lover -Undercover & deluded  
Dreams barely recognized his adulteries reality  
Promises & liaisons -loose morals claimed him  
overseer and enemy, a criminal of Eden  
he stole from freedom, a concubine of sterile  
trends his mind came to be....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Perfectly Warned

Withstanding only the errors of my perfection  
Shall I negotiate with you my price  
the universal cost of my border and sanity  
beneath the very sole of our feet  
where we stand alike and indifferent to shade and color  
trembling along side one another with personnel burdens  
it is here, then and now where I shall give my measure  
above the unused trails of the bright constellations  
and poetic sinews of here and after  
factoring first and above all my unloosed dreams  
leaning strangely against my mind's wall  
then, of course always considering the name that follows  
it is filled now with more than complimenting letters  
but dates, accompanied with the sorrows and triumphs  
of imagination and of everyday  
the rest not to say the least can be bartered with your best  
Still without soul and seed I remain volatile and valuable  
to the certainty of it, I lay bare and awkward  
suffocating only my fear and suture for your offer  
Whisper readily your price now, below the attention  
of my pride's ignorance and audience  
wherein what follows can only be remembered....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Plumes Of Midyear

And with a sigh, goodbye became the whisper  
and she was gone with the last sound  
with it my breath and composure  
fell to my feet and regret became my companion  
of what should have and what wasn't said  
I begged for her affection with other words  
many words and many laughs  
I poured onto her my promises with tenderness  
of winter comforts and spring kisses  
my mind and heart flew to her on heaven's pace  
quickly now I saw her embrace without taking a second breath  
and in the hour we floated she confessed that I was hers  
precious became that touch and forever became that warmth  
and in so many words I gave her my life  
and hid everything from her, granting allegiance and weakness  
at her feet, forgetting her before cause I was her after  
and with a sigh, hello became I love you before the name  
and I need you followed the how are you  
and with every verb and phrase that followed I explained  
of what could have and what should have been  
and before I knew it, goodbye became the whisper  
and she was gone with the last sound...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Pulse For Breath

At length morning came  
Creeping the truth of yester to my door  
And with it the thought of her  
Scents of the night remembered

The colors and air that adorned her  
One longing of an absent dream  
One content of sugar baited words  
They drew her from the sheets to the sunrise flushes

Something in the way of tumbling, whisking, and falling  
The last restraint was found gone  
And its first breath was given in the sound of her name  
Framed in the pleasant and silver

Just above the dew of pearl and future  
Covered close in the restless brook  
Of bilberries and gooseberries  
I kept her faithfully

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Rain Interrupted

I wish to drown myself in sin  
only to forget the warmth of her perfection  
leaving little I & self crippled deep from within  
shameless and afraid to acknowledge the  
worried faces, fading faithfully below  
the diamond streets of buried dreams & fears  
married no longer these lavish constellations called  
for my sanity, gripping closely to my growing  
malady those and these memories from above bargain religiously  
her portrait for the addiction of mind and body  
foreclosing behind passion and joy of  
those who have and not, and I have lost the  
still imprints of my breath against such  
window panes of her forgotten and frame  
an unknown slain ribbon have fallen  
from the sky with her initials speaking B.Y.E  
hatefully I spend hours hiding creatively  
between the lines recited and bled  
racing heart alive no longer, beating still  
my eyes have wandered the cycle of this said  
and unheard collaboration of pen and wine  
I have now found.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Reading Fragrances

the lines have grayed themselves to an invisible red  
and all that was left was said  
and in its fetal resignation, we can only begin pretend  
that I was your lover and you were in love  
playing a foolish hand with a blind heart  
and now in the final frame we touch for what seems  
like ages and fairytales whispered during a breakfast  
sunrise, I was your instrument and you caressed  
my tone to your favorite melody  
and I held you five stories above heaven's glorious horizon  
just so to your eyes in a different light  
the battle has muted itself below us now  
as all that was left was said  
tempt me, your hands begged me  
as our loves played out their roles in the gambling  
window of always so and however more  
you challenge me & I can only surrender  
and from this mystery I found you as you found me  
under what was said from all that was left...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Returning June & Pen

Both eyes have abandoned their color  
shedding along with it the reflection of her face  
and in its rebellion I have lost my clarity  
again, faith has bid farewell  
and in this dark hour it is the shade that warms  
without the melodies in mind and sight  
letters and stain have blurred into the same  
lifting the very fragrance of tomorrow  
how delicate is it now to speak  
to whisper the broken language that heals  
faithfully touching the ear as a kiss of wind  
on a May afternoon with the sky close above  
painting the memory fresh and romantic.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Roadside Manner

Are you still around, quiet mind?  
Or have you gone with the candle light  
Away with the trumpets glory and polish  
Where the hot season gives to the immortal fountain  
And refreshes the anguish of wave and oar  
Are you still around, quiet mind?  
Or have you buried yourself below the difference  
Deep within the marshes of no one knows  
Where I can only miss you  
With suspicion and woe  
Are you still around, quiet mind?  
Or have you fled with the disturbed  
Awakening apart from the bliss once written  
Twice dreamed about with the warmth of a love withheld  
Leaving behind the shell of my yearnings  
Are you still around, quiet mind?  
Or have you passed with the seasons  
Fading alongside the running laughter  
Frame by frame forgetting the modest sorrow  
That hangs and dries underneath my window pane  
Are you still around, quiet mind?  
Or have you drifted breathlessly away with the currents  
There, below the emerald and blue  
Lost to the echoes of ache and faded moon  
Where I can only miss you...

Roadside manner

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Rumor Of Treason

Where are you dear Philadelphia?  
Hiding behind the rage of yesterday  
Starving for the mindless paramour of Shakespeare  
So to forget the ugly night and the envious New York sky  
Where are you dear...Philadelphia?  
I am left surrounded by the mutations of my failures  
By the paradigm that captures my arresting humanity  
Would I be so frank to ask ...?  
Where... are you ...dear Philadelphia?  
Have I misplaced you beyond my reach?  
Further than my mind and heart can ask you to return from  
Plainly in sight maybe....  
Where are you dear Philadelphia?  
Avoiding me maybe, between the light of day  
And the warmth of night  
Disguising below the sinews and brooks of storytellers  
Only to be mentioned by the whispers of historians  
Begging and pleading forth along side me  
Where are you .....dear .....Philadelphia?

Rumor of Treason

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Serious Injury II

I keep company with bad company, you see  
the kind that welcome themselves but leaves  
with a piece of who I am  
little by little they track mud and fear  
across the floor of my mind  
disturbing the little peace that I keep framed  
shattering the glass portraits of my heroes  
ripping the sheets of my lovers  
all in the name of insanity and solitude  
I keep company with bad company, you see  
the sort your eyes hide from but sneaks  
glances when your asleep and thinking apart  
they whisper wonders of my failures softly like my lady  
touch me rudely and roughly when I'm aching  
taking pieces of my shimmer and gloss  
all in the name of insanity and solitude  
I keep company with bad company, you see  
the ones that take love away and play  
keep away and far enough so that I won't believe  
in the yesterdays and verses laid  
pretending to be and not be  
attempting suicide on my fantasies  
they rule me and stab at my vision  
blurring me temporally and eternally inside  
all in the name of insanity and solitude...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Size And Destiny

Like a Summertime facade  
painted plainly across an Autumn delight  
the spark from his eyes faded to a bitter brown gloss  
of disenchanting gain & loss  
And so, no more  
his character cried division & invasion  
it was as it were, fallen & alone  
like an April shower  
reigning gloriously with a Winter chill  
fogging the outside interior of now & then  
through and through  
Explain to him never again  
under the childhood sycamore tree & motherly breeze  
As I remember the values and forget to breath  
the chorus of everyday here and happily  
Shade me deaf & colorless  
for an hour a day, so to stand apart  
As a Fall sunset in the fictitious warmth  
of your favorite author's lover...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Sleepless Shore

With ink on her hands she wrote to me her truths  
reading over her fingered letters  
she gave onto my eyes her promises  
and as her words echoed through me  
its her hands I ached to kiss  
its her fingertips I wished to feel along my face  
I moved and I kept still to her image  
writing back to her impatiently my inner-truths  
my collapsing conditions without her I wrote  
steady was the heart and mind I listened to  
finding words that came easy to promise her  
always and just enough to carry on past it all  
whatever it was that came and left its mark  
with gentle strokes I painted each letter each passion  
laid and displayed carelessly and faithfully in her name  
and in the pattern of my insanity, I spoke to her willfully  
yours now and forever began each page  
forever and a day ended each phrase and with it I reached for her  
and in the tune and ballad of a memory I finished....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Soulless Stone

Remember me\_ through the whisper less night  
in a silhouette of black & white  
sweet in that order falling shapeless  
Alone & diluted warming your shoulder  
Calm & Slow within the confines of the soul  
of water & earth \_ Remember me through the sunshine  
With the night before in mind  
Under the half -moon and cool breeze  
searching the cracks of the ocean floor  
Remember me \_ while plucking the berries from a  
daydream, kneeling softly on November whilst  
holding tightly July & May  
reaching for what may sing to you  
cry with you in mist of marble rain drops  
pouring from the amber skies  
Remember me\_ frozen in the comfort  
of acid snowflakes screaming to melt in heaven's ear  
Damn the ignorance that bounce from window panes  
to soothe your pain's pain mixing across the infinity  
of blackness interrupted, Morning have rested here  
in this corner speaking in the nothing language of velvet flowers  
slept on and forgotten with shame & plenty joy mustered  
faithfully in prayers taken under the star flake snow of February  
Shimmering with a certain afterglow of a sunset romance  
Remember me\_

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Stagnant Repose

with the drops of poison staining his hand  
he took his drink and placed the glass across from her  
and in that moment he promised her forever  
as his eyes began to wonder and a smirk took his face  
he knew then as she knew before him that it was at a loss  
reaching bashfully for her hand his eyes asked for a better yesterday  
and as he focused his stare his strength began to abandon him  
and a tear escaped his composure just as he read her lips  
assuming only in his mind it her love being given  
and in a quick motion he gave into his weakness  
and fell first to his knees then back  
facing her shadow fading in a perfect silhouette  
he can only feel and recall it was his contentment  
it was well lived, it was calming  
and his breath trembled and surrendered....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Stone And Human

I'm weary of the nighttime chords and melodies  
only the yearning rain makes the peace of memories sleep  
here in this dramatic setting of love and pain  
and so I fell and flew in harmony with the clouds around me  
the stars danced for me, becoming strangers to the skies they lit  
and as the old-fashioned tear fell from my face, I knew then

I'm weary now in this cold shell i feel as skin  
laying helplessly on lies and theories spoken softly in a crowd  
here in the melodic overture of time and marriage  
childhood and conscious birth and so i held and i knew then  
that the reflections were only fading finger paintings of faith and denial  
and as morning skipped over the years I stayed awake to see the evening  
just so to touch her hair and whisper never again

I'm weary again for the tenth time now tonight  
not remembered not taken not forgotten not any more  
I'm drifting once more over the black sea and singing unforgettable  
precious i wrote on the midnight delivery to the moon and heaven  
and i knew then as I knew now, the delusional and romantic all has kept me  
and with the illness of my mind, my heart has gone away on lullabies....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Street Sweeper

Another summer's June has found me  
Sooner than my exhalation of yesterday  
And I have no one  
Fading in and out of my strokes  
Bending and forcing the corners  
Never soft and so unevenly stained....  
These bristles and street stones  
Of Singapore and Neptune  
Dragging and pulling  
Each without destination....  
Never clear...to the next crosswalk gazer  
Blurring past my grunts and motion  
Making my memories fond of the dancing sounds  
And twilight shadows that play beneath the unwavering sun  
They have become my gentle belongings  
These distant and intimate steps of strangers and season  
These glowing distractions of memoir and gossip  
Painting and writing my biography  
Listing no name or date  
Without childhood nor color  
I am her keeper of avenue and boulevard

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Syracuse Dawn

He did not hide his hands  
and in the strange delivery of his words  
she reached for him  
and with a step so calm, he wasted no distance  
and he held her, so wistfully  
they forgot the place and time  
persons and colors were behind them  
and gentleness kept their hold  
never before has a man looked into a woman so  
nor never before a woman have given a man so  
the kiss of mid-September became season and date  
and he did not hide his affections  
crossing and shivering through she loved him  
by each stare and moment gone  
the crowd grew and above them they soared  
and on the day that the moon and sun carried their weight  
the kindest of breezes marked the hour and memory  
for ballads and stories took their inspiration  
and evening dew hid the lovers  
fading the view and curiosity of others  
he had his love and she had her reason...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## Terminal 6

Yet here I am, finding age and regret  
Desperate to feel everything but regret  
Speaking analog in a technical society  
Whispering failures in a crowded room  
Hoping to solidify meaning and eternity  
Without giving out my name  
Yet here I am, a contradiction of faith and logic  
In search of passion and opportunity  
But guilt have consumed me  
And insanity have become a flirting companion  
The sort that has bruised me badly  
Without knowing my name  
Yet here I am, faking my own existence  
Without color or sound  
Inviting strangers to dream and wishing them lovers  
Wishing them better than the hue of an afternoon  
The scent of an apricot sunrise  
The warmth of noon's summer  
Yet here I am, midnight still  
And, an hour after morning  
Sporadically remembering happiness  
As I can only remember it  
Distant and few  
Somehow forgetting the most of the few  
Nevertheless yearning to close the distance between them  
Yet here I am...

Terminal 6

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# That I Am

In a losing frame, it is he and I  
Tossed between the seasons and natural rain  
Our battle struggled beneath both sun and moon  
Leaving only the missed strikes and thrusts as victims  
There lies no romance or color in our battles  
Just pains and mistresses waiting to be caressed  
And forgotten with morning sun  
Bruised and blistered I stand without ground  
And he bleeds and sounds off with no armor  
We have lost our arguments  
And have found our mutual ignorance  
Below the bellows of angst and prejudice  
Time has disappeared in the background of this place  
No name or address  
I don't think I'll make it through  
My soul has forfeit the night to the victor  
And my eyes has only followed a trail of his death  
Between his reason and sword..  
And still I find no joy

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# The Door

He left like the air that comes in and with every breath.  
Not even a word or maybe goodbye, no..nothing just the air i felt as he rushed  
by.

That door closed so fast i forgot what or who we were.

So when he rushed out that door i saw a man who wasn't my man anymore..

Not a word. Not a sound in any form, no whisper, nothing to be heard.

Just her stare, daring and waiting still..for my promises, shouted and pulled  
tenderly close..to be felt.

Bout still not a word. Just the cluttering sound of memories fading along with my  
footsteps out.

not a word. My clinched fingers ached to caress her face to comfort.

Make a sound, mumble a word, and i will stay..not a word.

Not anymore.

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# The Foreigners

We have fought so long to become peddlers of dreams  
remitters of past lives  
long winded swimmers of the night sky  
dramatic embracers of the gentle verse/

Only still we fall prey to the compromising  
forgetting to romanticize our very breathe  
under the fading Venetian sunset/

Impatient to meet forever in daydreams  
without said written letters vowing nevermore  
never again, never like so/

We have birthed only our immortality below these lines  
pulling out from inside the very grace of our touch  
leaving the colors around us paralyzed/

A once upon reason to believe that we will last  
beyond the dates of celebration and land marks  
perhaps we fought far too long between kisses/

perhaps we have become strangers to our own destiny...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# The Odds

I have just begun to fall  
I thought I was rid of this since infancy  
This debilitating stutter walk  
But its not the same now...is it?  
I have just begun to fall as a man  
Or is it fail as a man....?  
The years have been indifferent to me  
As the experience of it....

I have just begun to regret with no regret  
No mercy for me I have been written off  
I was conscious of it, and for it  
I felt it leave me...without the kindness of  
The dead of night, or the dramatic of a letter  
I was awake and attentive to the lost of it

I have just begun to be successful at my failures  
Rising high enough to fall into a great deal of ...  
Misery and shame  
Or was it insanity and blame  
Whatever it may have been ....  
The pain of it knows my name

the Odds

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## The Series 89

what say you gentle moon, can this be it  
your crescent glow through the night has made  
this all too surreal, all too perfect  
what say you tender wind, can this be it  
your momentary caress's has taken my breath away  
softly so, wonderfully felt  
what say you dear night, can this be it  
below your faithful constellations  
this emotion, this freefall  
what say you heart, can this be it  
your rapid beats and still second pauses has me  
lost, confused and worried and remarkably happy  
what say you fate, can this be it  
can your sister destiny bless me with her, she who sits quietly  
next to me, we have become one and I have found the one  
what say you, I remain tickled by this love, this heavenly drop  
into forever...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## The Series 89 II

They think him lover and villain  
unkind and unlike the milk-white roses he leaves behind  
Mad and insane, enraged even  
through the stretch of the imagination they have condemned him  
And in the gentle cover of the night she think him tender  
innocent and vulnerable, timid even  
they have cast him and banished his memory  
in the cave of social despair he sleeps  
till her voice heals his wings for flight and fight  
but I tell you I never saw a man as complete  
as he was when she held him  
they think him villain and lover  
imperfect and wasted as a breath exhaled  
the kiss he gave and the hand he reached with  
she took and warmed faithfully through weeks and years  
For his doubts came to pass with her glance  
and they came to fade in the background with her touch  
and so in the wistfulness of a new day  
they sailed above the sunset and below the revealed moon..

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## The Series 89 Iii

Could it be away from Ethiopia,  
Charm has poured constantly to her request  
and in the splendor of her kisses have bruised her feet  
broken pieces of heaven have fallen as snow to her wonder  
but these dear lovers is not the best of gifts  
its the gentle looks from her brute, her gladiator  
Away from the motherland they sailed and into grace they made land  
Inconstant weather and consistent ballads have made them stronger  
And he has kept her, promise has become a past hobby  
and its the stare of eternal affection has come in and made home  
Ever after has become the morning after greeting  
and forever more has made its way to brunches and petals  
captured and lost to the wind of she and he  
touched by his lips she lifted him her king  
and she his queen beautiful and it came to be the best story  
ever passed along and told aloud...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# The Waiting Of Fulfillment

It is a great pain in being a great man's son  
to walk in the shadows of those footprints  
and imitate the clarity of his dignity  
to overshadow all traces of imperfection  
with great intent and direction  
to rise above the past and create a foundation  
of legacy and pride  
and with all mistakes and failures aside  
be a hero and idol to the eyes that follow  
behind idealistically as the warm of the sun  
It is a said burden in being both human and idealistic  
feeling within oneself the mixture of romance and reality  
touching closely to the glare of an unforgiving stare  
the need for wholesome success in a corrupted field  
holding dearly the naive warm long enough to feel noble  
It is a tragic longing being left alone without caress of want  
to need what can't be placed or imagined just needed  
just yearned for and written about in the crevices and spaces of  
dreams and goals and such things that are reported about in the  
obituary of morals and virtues....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

## The... Disciple

Even as the third person, my hand shakes  
scribbling forth words and letters  
in crazy form and melody  
leaving space between each impression  
of my pen for deception and subjection  
in the accumulation of verbs and nouns  
I lay open the decipher codes of my very soul  
backstrokes and ink drops would release me  
unleash the heat and passion below the sounds  
that speak in broken language and charm  
claim me as an orphan of the word and paint  
of rolling fathers and mellow mothers  
stifled tenderly against the heavy bosom  
of whom I'll assume the birth giver of my Mecca  
and color, feather and pen  
bite and release the lips of lovers and remitters  
that capture the nature of my Godiva chocolate mind  
second thoughts and bright eye, moonshine memories  
resurrected and glorified in fifty-two bars  
no guards just gatekeepers and rotten influences  
caressing the certain lines sicker and deeper  
than the before fairytales and happily after's  
of what should'a, would'a made her sing for me  
believe in me, but as for now leave it behind me  
analogies I leave with the mark of the beast  
fingerprinted and guilty for a single-celled delivery  
cut and refined in the galore and glass precision  
that dreams mold past pages and screens  
supplications & documented calculations  
I fade.....I fade in the third person.....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Thousand Lights

My ending will be bittersweet  
below the Brooklyn bridge, with a memory held  
and caressed by thumb and tear  
and with the echoes of the world above  
waving and flying through  
it would be a grin with her name leaving  
my lips, 'till later love'  
these words will mark my reason  
and with the day ending colors kissing  
my face tenderly, the night would come to fall in  
as the sounds would grow distant and close  
to the moon's melody, and all that was  
would be all that is and will be  
between here and home...and there  
I had become what I had dreamt of...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Traveling Along

And sometimes I'll drown in the night  
catching the least of my breath in the rapture  
of my whispering horrors  
and as the feeling of reflection fade my thoughts  
I'll awake to find her sound playing faithfully  
in the shadows of my regrets  
patiently caressing the echoes of my tears  
into a melody that can tease the fairytales to nightmares  
And as I reach for the door it would flee from my warmth....  
and it is in these solitudes I find the children of yonder  
waving away my past into the a careless wonder....

\*

I'm flying down the corner of 6th street  
fleeing from my mind and calling out her name  
racing to catch a future that may bring her smile  
gripping tightly the roses that hold her memory  
I soar past the stoplights just so to leave a glance  
behind for yesterday and regrets below my breeze of hurry  
slicing faithfully through the wind just so to carve vows  
within the tapestry that warms heaven's floor  
I will spin and marvel below the streetlights  
fading imperfection down to my feet  
crashing past her front door and into her bedroom's warmth  
I laid my heart along her feet with my hopes and truths  
dripping from my hands and outer garments.....  
I swore.....

\*

Every once and a little while  
grace may fall along the heartache of yesterday  
chasing apart and away the tranquility of fears  
pressing below its feet romance and optimism  
just so to float above it all...  
steady now dreams become as you were meant to be  
carry yourselves away to the warmth of the heavenly father  
and bring back the tenderness of tomorrow  
quietly now dear fairy, leave behind the bushes  
and thorns that may hold you from taking my words

to the faithful walls that surround us  
so they may speak of us as we age  
and grow into the legends of our very fall....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Unmentionables

Another night went on without me  
while I was kept in my thoughts of you  
and in this solitude I found the mornings sorrow  
Another night passed me over  
as I fell in my consumption of failures  
and in this reflection I lost my optimism  
the day had begun and I was still held between  
the night before and mid-night morning after  
memories and tragedy swept my heart under  
leaving my sanity crying to leave me be  
Another night slipped away from my grasp  
as I kept my heart company in missing you  
and in its bittersweet moments I wished you away  
questioning my questions I was left unanswered  
and it just may be that I lost you before I had the pleasure  
of calling you mine above the whispers of a faded daydream  
and in the after-all's of our romance I was happy....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Vertical Redemption

My mirrors have abandoned me  
leaving behind only the reality I fear to see  
under the street light of honesty & 6th  
it has left me as an orphan to the night sky  
and a shadow below the morning sun  
risking a facade for those with guns  
terrifying dignity indeed...  
from its beginning I can't recall  
without the dew of its season warming  
the regrets of my present  
kind and unkind silence, how delightful  
you can be to a crowded soul  
laying in the indiscreet corner of my religion  
supporting and guiding the path of tears  
in the evolution of pessimism  
shunned and kept as secret as I can reflect  
with my eyes....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Vigorous Judgement

He saw hieroglyphic lines  
Behind the white noise as black voices  
grew across the outline of passing clouds\_  
Ordinary things  
He said with vengeance on his lips  
Of middling stature he stood fading below  
his own personnel consequences \_  
Ordinary plots  
Dripped from his bold voice  
Seeking the same emotions that escaped abuse  
Thoroughly accused, his honor only spoke from the  
Distance, Tensions mounted, Torture & threats  
Unlike the dreams before  
Who knew what he spoke of  
these indignant lovers of metaphors & trapezoids  
Lost behaviors, their fidelity laid softly  
under suspicion\_  
Ordinary Defeats  
He cried tenderly those dry tears with hate feeding  
inside his veins, he knew betrayal religiously\_  
Ordinary privileges  
He replied...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Village Idiot

He does not stare into the night  
he stares into her eyes from the distance of his  
heart and imagination complimented only by his memory  
he does not kiss into the air  
he only falls into the hold and scent of her hair  
kissing softly her cheek and reaching kindly for her lips  
He dares only heaven to compare and even at a loss  
he'll take his chances and spend forever admiring her  
He does only what any man would do  
dancing alone and laughing to what she once said  
insane to some and fortunate to many others envying  
the purity of his happiness felt with her presence  
he does not need much from the passing wind  
he does spend nights counting new stars  
wanting her warmth next to him when he lays down to sleep  
caught in her love he surrenders only to his foolish character  
hers and complete....

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Waiting To Exhale

I have taken my breath of you  
stuttered shook and ready  
I have left my heart at your feet  
counting the hours faithfully till  
we fall covered in skin  
folding and unfolding our tender & delicate  
as we play fools to the stars above  
lighting our joined silhouette  
from under the caress of our unfolding love

And its one more night of forgiven passion  
pearl and vow filled with a certain glow from behind  
I have drawn my map across the small of your back  
denying the long December and fleeting summer and  
I have left my fears under the welcome of your front door  
leaving only traces of promise and faded images

I have stared off onto the distance  
and found still your picture shading my eyes  
lingering romantically inside the four corners of my mind  
And I see you standing above the rejection and ache  
interrupting the beams of the moonlight complimenting you  
and I stand ready and colorblind to shattered colors  
of the past and fallen future

I have taken my breath of you...

KarlRomeo PierreLouis

# Weak Emporium

I am fading from myself  
Growing ever darker and lighter on every corner  
The distinction is beginning to blur  
So I lay awake at night, almost every night  
Waiting to find and discover the transformation  
But what I find waiting is only the solitude  
I escape from during the daylight hour  
And by that time I also seem to see  
That distinction blurs itself into something  
Of a midnight hour between the morning hour  
Interrupted only by the passing quiet storm  
Cooling the window pane reflecting the partly  
Clouded moonlight circling the outside rim of my thoughts  
And there, as the whispers of my house and mind collide  
And commute, I can pick out the melodies  
That only childhood memory can bring softly and faintly  
Regrettably, those moments last as long as first glance  
Never to be warmed by a second or third  
Still fading, I still wait for the discovery, the illumination  
Before mentioned, during so I can only relate to the curtains  
And sheets that shelter me within my own closed shelter  
Keeping only the focus of a distant thought  
A secret thought, maybe a secret fear  
Lurking and bidding for its place at my side  
Slowly gripping and pulling at her picture  
The picture, never before mentioned but always in mind  
If I ever was to fall, "search for that picture"  
I would hope they'll say as they whomever they maybe  
Think of me and wonder as to how I had come to fade  
Fade into the particles that romance the tears of lovers lost  
And star crossed dreams falling into the pockets  
Of dreamers and poets reborn  
All to occur, all to expire  
As I find myself fading from whom I once was.....

Weak Emporium



# You Can Call Him "william"

He was, He was a village boy  
Cutting quickly through the heart of it  
Sand bag heavy his breaths left him  
Brushing cuts fanned his view  
Waving between his searching hands  
Flash and stillness draws him  
Close and warmly kissed  
Trailing promises held slow and rocking  
Merge now ground and reach  
Pull fast shots have rung  
Sleep walking they said it would be  
Numb running it has been  
From its harmonica to its taxied tradition  
Policing contradictions and branches the same  
Fantastic stride now  
Deep breath and smile proud  
Those eyes have owned you since u knew  
No footing, panic is swimming  
Mixing in exhaled sweat and push  
Limp steady, look sharply back  
It's a mad dash, his bark compels him  
Their bite begs for haste  
What a breeze, what scent to keep!  
A sight well tailored to these hands  
Here's its border  
The abortion of his chase have neared  
One hand over, a final glance given  
And his afternoon hers to remember

You can call him "William"

KarlRomeo PierreLouis